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THE MOUNTIE AND THE SOURDOUGH

E WALLA WALLA CARRIES MORE GOLD-SEEKERS NORTH

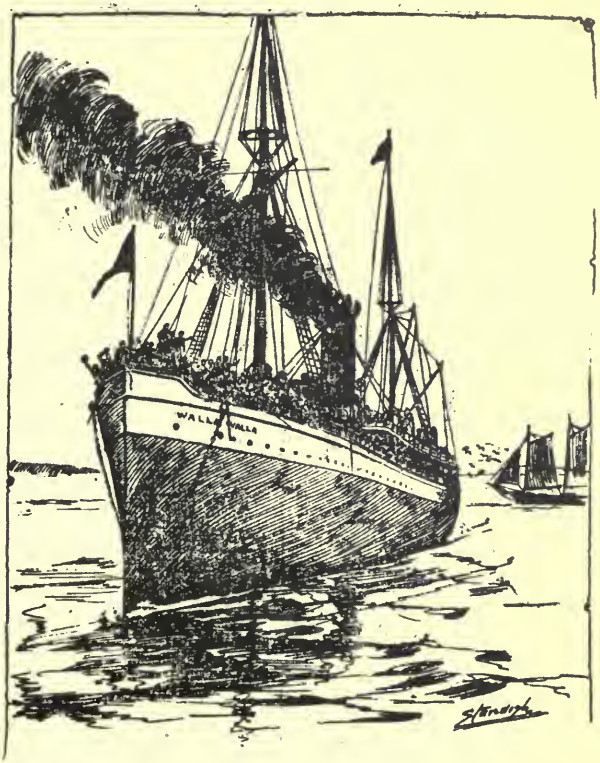
Mar 19 — 1898

THOUSAND men, women and children went to Broadway wharf A A yesterday morning to see the steamer Walla Walla depart with adventurers for the gold fields of Alaska, as well as passengers for ports on the Sound and for the East. The list showed that 465 persons were aboard. Of these only twenty-two in the cabin and fifty in the steerage were destined for Alaska, and probably the small number of these treasure hunters had some connection with the fact that the crowd on the dock was not so great as that which usually assembles when a vessel leaves for that far northern region.

There were weeping women on deck and on shore, but they were comparatively few. The largest group of ladies with handkerchiefs displayed and eyes continually getting more tearful were not grieving over the departure of a man. One part of this bunch of affectionate femininity was separating from the other, and all seemed heartbroken. Here and there a husband who was starting for the Klondike kissed the babe which his spouse held up to him as she cried. The sturdy voyagers for the frigid El Dorado were happy enough. Some of them wore shamrock and other greenery in honor of St. Patrick's day.

The laughter was general when two of the many dogs which the Walla Walla is taking to Alaska engaged in a fight near the gangplank. Even the grieving spectators forgot their sorrow as they gazed. The dogs had muzzles on, as required, to prevent encounters between them and other beasts of their kind during the voyage, but they came close together on the dock as the owners were escorting them on board, and one caught the other by the ear through the muzzle. In a minute each had a strong hold on the other, and the owners in vain sought to tear them apart. Policemen Crosby and McGowan rushed to the scene. The dogs did not seem to realise that these were men of authority, and, despite admonitions and kicks, continued the effort to chew each other into bite. Crosby then caught one tail and McGowan the other appendage and they pulled. The animals still refused to let go. Additional force was applied to the tails, civilians lending a hand, and at last the strain was effectual.

Several huge dray horses were put on board. They are to be used on one of the Alaskan trails this summer.



Captain Thomas of the Curacoa was on the Walla Walla's bridge as the ship steamed away. Captain Wallace, who is regularly in command of the steamer, has the grip and remains here during this voyage. Among the passengers for Alaska were Alex Rosborough and F. M. Smith of Oakland. Rosborough resigned his position under the Harbor Commissioners to search for gold. The majority of the passengers are bound for the Eastern States, going by the northern railroads because of the reduced fares.

By Alexander J. Rosborough

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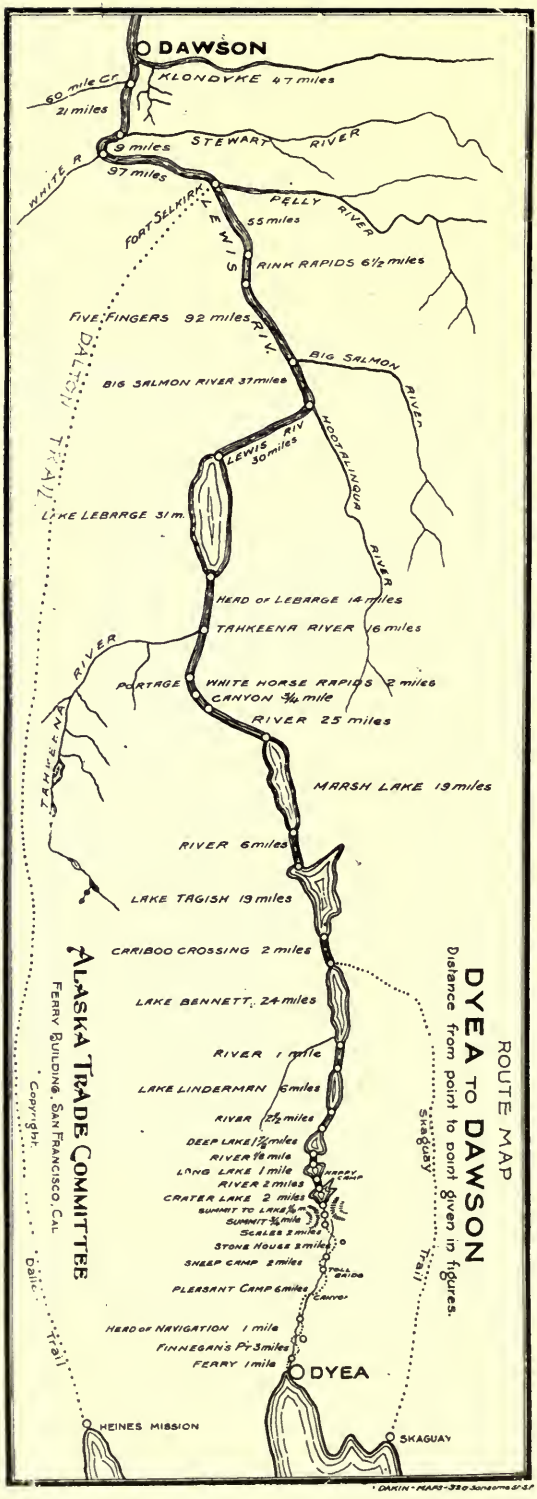
NEWS-JOURNAL PRINT SHOP, YREKA, CAL.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DYEA
SKAGUAY
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Trail
ROUTE MAP
DYEA TO DAWSON
Distance from point to point given in figures.
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THE MOUNTIE

The name "Mountie" to many means little; but to him who has been in contact with the results which follow efficiency in carrying out a remarkably well laid plan, it presents the certainty in establishment of honest principal, fairness to all, friendship to all mankind, and trustful trading under proper and legal regulation. It means to us who have seen and experienced its application, a great something of what firm intent and determination have most successfully provided for future stability of Government.

Canada, our neighboring nation, with the beginning of the North West Mounted Police at Fort MacLeod in 1874, has left a clear-kept record of those of us who were "sourdoughs" back in the great *Yukon Gold Rush* of 1897 and 1898. It was convincing of what the lasting effects of an honest beginning, laced into a living Canadian Government did accomplish. The North West Mounted Police was known as "Royal North West Mounted Police" from 1904 to 1920, and since 1920 to the present time has been officially changed to and known as "Royal Canadian Mounted Police".

THE SOURDOUGH

All adventurers who crossed the boundary into Alaska or Canadian Territory prior to the close of December 31, 1898, were entitled to the name "sourdough". The meaning of the word comes from the ability to bake bread made of sour dough in a fry pan before an open fire. (The great number who braved the unforeseen hardships connected with that rush to the gold fields of Canada and Alaska afterwards formed an organization known as "The Sourdoughs".

GOLD RUSH OF 1898

By the time that all reports from the gold seekers who had joined the great influx of miners to the Yukon—both in Alaska and Canada, in 1897 had filled the world with the certainty as to the reliability of a new-found gold country, preparations were being made by a great army of hopefuls to go to this rich country and gather in a fortune.

In San Francisco, California, there was great excitement.

All around the Bay District new outfitting stores had opened up stocked with warm blankets, socks and cold weather clothing; sleds and whipsaws; hammers, nails, sails and rope; pots, kettles and pans; warm caps and high-topped shoes; maps of the Yukon, etc.

Frank N. Smith of Oakland and I had been getting ready for a long time to make the trip into the far away North by way of the Chilkoot Pass Route to Dawson. We both had lived in Oakland for many years and took plenty of time to get a splendid outfit. Every evening found us climbing the trails over the hills back of Oakland, hardening the muscles and getting in the very best of physical condition for our coming trip. We were in splendid health, and now fully prepared and equipped with everything required for our undertaking.

So when the beautiful little steamer *Walla-Walla* pulled away from San Francisco on March 17, 1898, Frank and I were aboard with all our belongings and on our way to the frozen northland. (It was Saint Patrick's Day and I have often thought with wonder how our safety was in a protecting hand.)

As the steamer *Walla-Walla* was taking care of the transportation for passengers going East over the Canadian Railroad, all passengers bound for the Klondike and Alaska were transferred to the larger steamer *Queen* at Seattle. This necessitated our stopping at Victoria to obtain our miner's licenses.

While passing Cape Flattery the little steamer on her run between San Francisco and Seattle ran into some rough going and all the passengers except a few including Frank and myself, became seasick. Our room, which was the best on the ship, became a gathering spot for the able. There was a young lady on board on her way home to Tacoma. She played and sang well, so we had a concert the last two nights in the saloon cabin. The captain, Mr. Thomas, had been very kind to us and solicitous for our welfare. My darky songs seemed to tickle him to death and he called me Alex. He arranged it so we would have no trouble getting our baggage transferred to the steamer *Queen* at Seattle.

The steamer *Queen* stopped at Victoria, B.C., and while there Frank and I went on a long walk. Victoria looked like a sleepy city. It did not wake up until nine o'clock in the morning. Even the electric cars didn't commence to run until that time. All the buildings seemed to be shut up tight with not even a

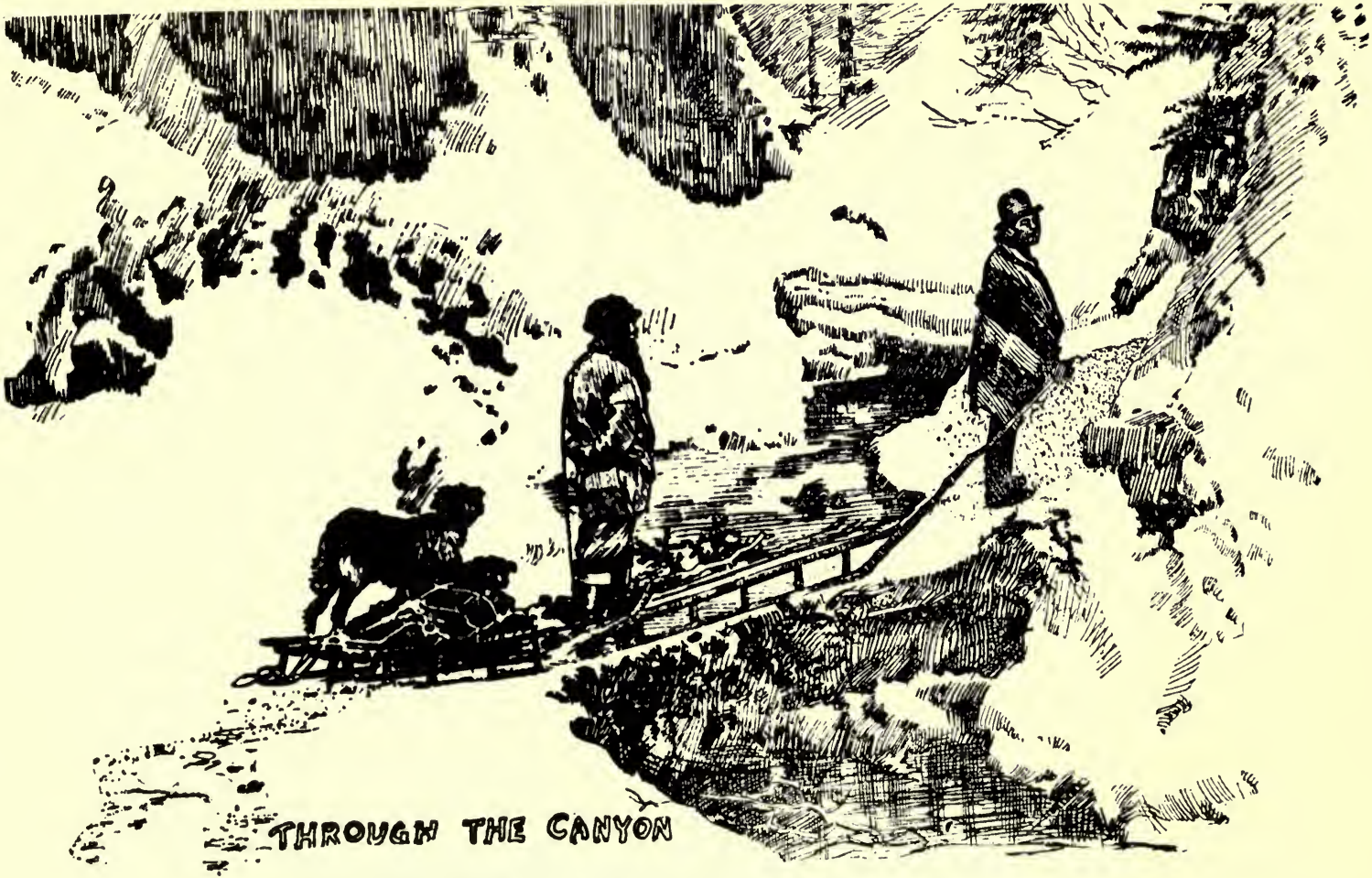
window open for air. The new government building there was a beautiful piece of architectural work. There was also a new post office just completed. The electric cables were suspended on wooden poles. The horses I saw were very poor specimens. I saw a boy peddling milk in a one-horse cart.

The run from Victoria to Seattle was about six hours. We probably would have no more rough weather from Victoria to where we would leave the ship *Queen* as she turned in on the Inner Passage to Juneau and Skagway.

As the *Queen* drew up along the wharf at Juneau, we were notified that the ship would make a short stay to discharge freight, and passengers would have time to go ashore and see the town. Everybody was instructed to return to the ship immediately when the whistle blew. Just as the ship's lines were being loosened, we saw a passenger coming on the run swinging his arms and yelling, "Wait for me!" He scrambled aboard and when he had recovered his breath, made the declaration that he had been robbed. He said that just as the steamer's whistle blew, he had all his money on the gambling table and the fellow running the game grabbed up the money and told him to run for the boat or he would be left behind—just another sucker.

Of the 473 passengers who had left San Francisco on the *Walla-Walla,* 170 had been transferred to the *Queen* and were on their way to the gold fields in either Canada or Alaska. About two thirds of them were old-timers going back by way of the Chilkoot Pass (Dyea Route), the balance selecting the Skagway, or White Pass, Route. The Chilkoot and White Pass join at the head of Lake Bennett. (Evidently the old-timers selected the Chilkoot Pass as being the shorter, it being only thirty-three miles to the junction at Lake Bennett while the White Pass was forty-five miles, and not as yet fully completed.)

Looking north from the Lynn Canal some eighty miles above the town of Juneau, a long steep tongue of land comes down into the canal on the east side of which lies the town of Skagway. Nearby, but just around the point on its west side is Dyea which is, so to speak, just around the corner. The deep water arm of the sea which leads into these two towns is several miles long and very narrow (from a half to a quarter of a mile in width) and is evidently the bed of a once living glacier. The rock mountains on either side of these old worked-out glaciers are very steep and snow covered, making a beautiful picture as the in-



CLIMBING THE CHILKOOT ON THE ROAD FROM DYEA.

Midwinter scene in the pass where on Sunday last an avalanche buried eighty Klondikers.

coming steamer glides past the cliffs, sometimes merely a stone's throw away.

Stopping at the Skagway dock, our steamer discharged all Dyea freight and baggage onto lighters which were pushed around the point by a tug at high water and beached. Wagons came at low tide and carted the freight to a warehouse in town a mile and a half away. It was a very amusing sight to see the passengers landed. The lighters, of course, grounded some distance from the land, so the company provided a number of rowboats to carry the passengers ashore. Of course, the flats being very level, the rowboats grounded some yards from the beach. The boatman (wearing rubber boots) then jumped out and carried the people, ladies and all, one at a time, ashore on his back. All accidents were greeted with a laugh. There was no dock at Dyea except one in the course of construction, but there was a wharf three miles from town reached by a road along a bluff.

Dyea had larger buildings than Skagway. The town was divided into upper and lower town, probably having 350 houses and tents in all. It was amusing to note the different stories, directly contradictory, told by people at Skagway. I was told that we could get through Chilkoot; that it was "dead easy" by White Pass. At Dyea they did not know when the steamer had arrived at Skagway.

Following are the distances from Dyea: To the Ferry, one mile; to Finnigans Pt., four miles; to Head of Navigation, five miles; to Pleasant Camp, eleven miles; to Sheep Camp, thirteen miles; to Stone House, fifteen miles; to the Scales, seventeen miles; to Chilkoot Summit, seventeen and three-quarters miles; to Canyon City, about nine miles.

At Canyon City the goods were transferred from wagons to sleds (with the standard 16-inch tread) as here the canyon pinches down to a mere crack in the rocks some twenty to thirty feet across and rises perpendicularly for fifty or a hundred feet, then falls back into steep mountain sides.

From Canyon City to Chilkoot Summit there was one continuous stream of moving men, horses, donkeys, dogs and oxen, drawing all sizes, shapes and kinds of sleds, and hauling every conceivable variety of merchandise. There were about two hundred horse teams; and all kinds, colors and sizes of dogs. Some of the men, care-worn, shoulder-sore, homesick and dis-

heartened, had been since January tugging away at the sleds, pulling their outfits by short stages toward the top. Such a sight! An army of thousands and thousands marching on.

After sizing up the entire situation and talking it over with Captain Thomas, we took his advice and contracted with one of the packing companies to take all our outfit up the Chilkoot Trail and deliver it on the Canadian side atop the Chilkoot Pass (which in the end turned out to our great advantage).

Sheep Camp had many wooden stores, restaurants, hotels and hundreds upon hundreds of tents. We delayed at this town for a day or two waiting for word regarding the delivery of our goods on the summit. One evening we called on some fellows who were also on their way to the Klondike and were waiting for word about their supplies. While we were there, a fellow came rushing into the tent in a rather excited mood and, addressing a friend of his, asked if he could borrow $20.00. He explained that he had been playing a new game called the "shell game," and although he had lost all his money, he stood around watching the shell operator and found out the secret of "just how he did it." Now if he could only borrow some money, he could "clean up that shell game." After he had taken a red-hot lacing from his friend, we entered him as "Sucker No. Two."

On receiving word from the packers that evening advising us that our outfit had been safely landed and cached on the Canadian side on top the Chilkoot Pass, we arranged to stay the night at a large canvas hotel having two-storied single beds made of canvas stretched over parallel long poles on one side of the tent, and a wooden eating counter on the other.

START FOR THE TOP

A gentle Chinook wind was blowing and signs of a general thaw were in the making; so we were very anxious about our belongings now on top of the Chilkoot Pass. We planned a very early start in order to investigate the situation. Early the next morning on April 3, 1898, a crowd of frightened men came running down the main street of the town hammering on everything that would make a noise, and shouting "Turn out! Turn out, everybody! Snowslide coming!"

Every house and every tent were quickly emptied, and the space in front of the big canvas hotel seemed to be the only

spot big enough to contain the gathering crowd. The inside of the canvas stopping place was but an excited mass of moving elbows where roused miners came tumbling down from their second-story perches to struggle for the canvas flap door of egress. No sooner had a light been added to the excited scramble than a deep-toned voice rang out, "Listen boys, listen to me. You all are perfectly safe, for if you will only stop to think, you know that this little flat where we stand has its edges too far away from the foot of the surrounding mountainsides to be reached by any slide." All became quiet as little groups returned to their tents, or delayed to talk over the possibilities of what slides might do to the trails beyond us on the way to Chilkoot Pass.

Sleep was over for Smith and myself, so we returned to the tent, packed our few belongings and then ordered breakfast at the hotel counter which we found normal again and even at that early hour, serving breakfast to "early-ups."

As we left the tent town of Sheep Camp, dragging but the skeleton of a sled loaded with two valises, the weather had commenced warming up. As our very early departure indicated, we were very worried about the possibility of a snowslide along the trail. The thought of being separated from our food and belongings up on the mountain top urged us on with all possible speed. The little flat of somewhat level ground where the town of many tents made Sheep Camp was soon left behind. The trail led into a narrow gorge over which hung rock cliffs on either side which, with the warming temperature here and there, let go small snowslides. These, as we hurried along, pushed the moving snow to the trail we were traveling on.

BUCKING A BLIZZARD

When we reached a point some three miles from where we had started at Sheep Camp, it grew cold and the wind blew harder. I suggested to Frank that we turn back as I didn't like the looks of things. Near us was the new powerhouse of the tramway. Frank suggested that we go and leave our sled and valises there. As we turned toward the powerhouse the storm was so thick we could not see. When we were about to cache our load it cleared slightly and we made our way to the power-

ICY GRAVE OF TEN SCORE KLONDIKERS.

United States Troops and Canadian Police Opening the Sepulcher in Which Two Hundred Victims Were Buried Alive.

RESCUERS AT WORK IN DEBRIS OF THE STONE-HOUSE SNOWSLIDE.

The above picture is reproduced from a photograph taken by Captain Ray, U.S.A., shortly after the disaster which swept to death so many of the band of gold-seekers in the Chilkoot Pass. It shows the United States troops and Canadian mounted police digging in the debris of the avalanche with a view to recovering the bodies of those killed.

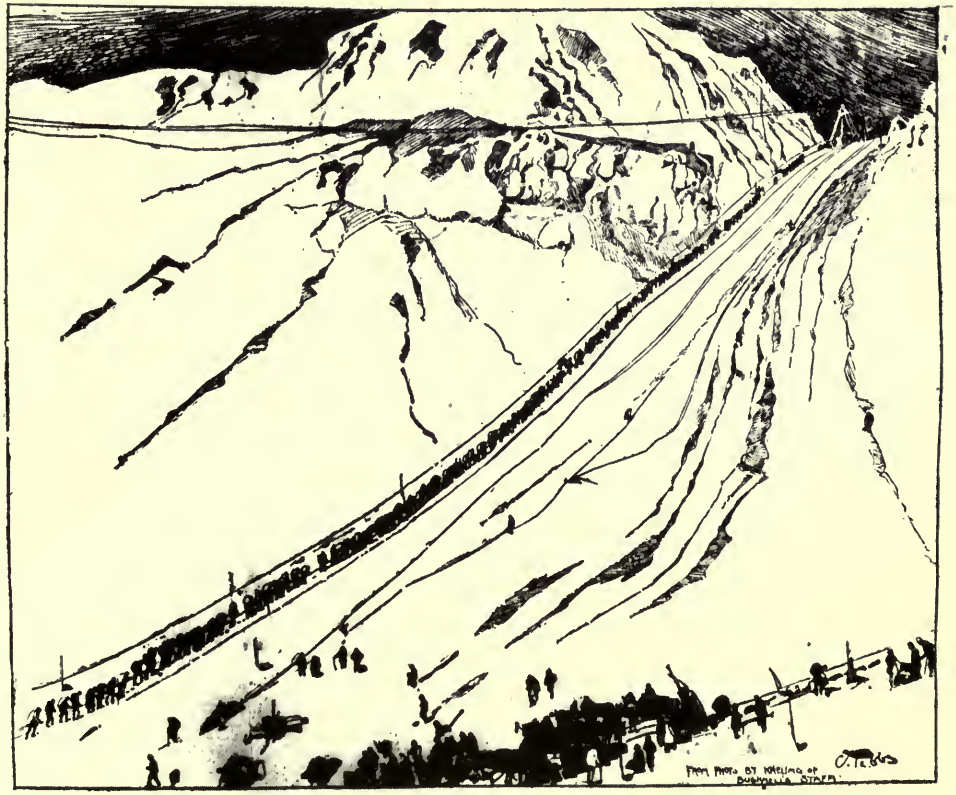
house where we found several men at work stretching a cable. Soon the storm raged thicker and faster; I didn't enjoy it very much, I tell you.

We helped the men at the powerhouse for a little time, then went to the stove to warm ourselves and dry our clothes. Pretty soon one of the men called to come look out of the window. (This was about eleven o'clock in the morning.) We could see across the gulch a hundred and fifty yards away to where some thirty-six men, all close together, facing the storm, were breaking a trail down to meet the trail we had come up on. I did not like the idea of being snowed in at the powerhouse, so I suggested to Frank we follow down after these men. But he said, "No, we had better wait awhile."

The snow was getting deep on the roof, so some of the men went out to push it off. Pretty soon the foreman came to the man in charge and suggested starting for below. We all bundled up tight, one of the men asking, "Are you ready?" Then out we started (eleven of us) in a rush, single file, into the teeth of a blizzard. It was awful! We could scarcely breathe, so swift the wind and so thick the snow. When it blew too hard I'd grab ahold of the coat tail of the fellow in front of me.

Frank got behind at the start having delayed to button his oilskin coat, and he was blown off his feet many times and finally became entirely lost. Although it seemed almost impossible to figure out just where to look for my partner (all tracks being obliterated as soon as they were made), we turned to hunt for him just as he came staggering in. He told us that the only possible way he could find his way back was by getting on his hands and knees and crawling along, feeling for the tracks we had made. ("Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been.' ")

As our little party (now again eleven) came staggering across the gulch to the trail leading back to Sheep Camp, we ran into several climbers who had been blocked by the moving snow at the lower end of the slide and who were discussing the necessity of making a quick return to Sheep Camp. We hurried to them and asked if they had seen anything of thirty-six men we had counted while looking out the powerhouse window as they fought the snowslide. Their reply was that they had not and we concluded that the moving snow had carried the men along in its grip—*to death.* We all decided to fight our way



—The San Francisco Examiner, Thursday Morning, March 31, 1898

FIRST ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CHILKOOT PARADE.

An ice stairway is cut in the side of the mountain and men follow each other so closely that as one lifts his foot from a step the other puts his down. There is a hand rope to help the climbers, and with their left hands they use a spiked stick.

back to Sheep Camp to report and camp for the night. The lull which followed the awful blizzard gave us a chance to be on our way, and we arrived at Sheep Camp wet and tired.

Our conclusions as to the fate of the thirty-six men on the mountain were confirmed. The men had not camped for lunch, and with others who were camped beside the trail, were buried in the snowslide. We had been only a little ways behind, and walked right over them, but did not know it. The next day when we came back they were digging them out.

News of the fearful catastrophe spread like wildfire. In the quickest of time word was sent to the United States contingent stationed at Dyea, which responded posthaste. The entire situation was then placed in the hands of Colonel Anderson and his detail of cavalry. Two thousand sourdoughs stood on the sidelines completely thrilled with the exact and rapid work being accomplished by soldiers trained for emergency.

The military had arrived on the morning of April 4 at the slide, which was located at the Stone House three miles above Sheep Camp. When we returned at early morn to look the situation over, much of the snow removal work over the dead had been done, all information on the victims obtained and noted, and each body was tied on a sled and taken to a temporary morgue at Sheep Camp.

On the slide it had looked as if a thousand lanterns bespeckeled the slide top where there were indications that below might be a body; and besides all this work, the original trail had been cleared. And there among those giving expert help and directing the excavation were men of the *Royal Mounted Canadian Police* whose offer of assistance was much appreciated by Colonel Anderson.

ON TOP CHILKOOT PASS

As we completed climbing the last quarter of a mile to the summit of Chilkoot Pass, the going became very difficult. The trail was so steep that steps were cut in the ice, and climbing was accomplished by each climber on the narrow foothold stepping into the track of the man ahead of him, using a steel-pointed hand stick in his right hand, and clinging with the left to a long anchored guide rope. He carried whatever belongings he may have had strapped on his back.

There was a comparatively small piece of level land at the top to provide room enough for properly caching the supplies as they arrived. As snow storms had swept in on goods already in the pile, new lots of arriving goods were piled on the fresh snow without the owners knowing that supplies under the last snowstorm were being buried, in some places, three deep.

We found all our goods intact, well cached and canvas covered, in a convenient place for handling. This was due no doubt to the fact that each parcel was double sacked, the outer sack being of waterproof material, well marked with a large "R & S," within a diamond frame, and also to the fact that our outfit had been taken care of by a reliable handling firm.

Standing beside our cache of goods on the mountain top at an altitude of 3,500 feet and looking down 600 feet to the smooth snow-covered face of Crater Lake and so far beyond that the receding mountain chains replaced each other and faded away in whiteness against the sky, the thought came to me, "There is Canada whose law is administered by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and already I feel safe." As I peered way out across this seeming endless expanse of white I saw a slender thread of black, far away and moving toward Crater Lake like a string of moving ants. When I asked what this might be, a sourdough beside me answered, "You will soon find out. They are boat builders from down the lakes coming to their caches at Crater Lake."

After gathering together every scrap of paper we possessed that would show the goods we had purchased for our expedition and the price we had paid, Frank and I approached a guard stationed at a little tent beside the steep trail which led down to Crater Lake, and wished him a smiling good morning. He seemed rather pleasant when we told him that we wanted his advice about presenting what papers we had to the proper officer in paying the duty; and he kindly informed us that we should by all means first call on the clerk in the tent next to his and have him go over our papers with us so that everything would be properly understood and marked before we presented them to the collector in the big tent. We thanked him for this information and immediately called upon the clerk, as directed.

We found the clerk to be a bright young fellow who went very carefully over our receipted bills and other possessions,

marking each as required. We paid the fee of $5.00 and, thanking him, moved on into the main tent office. This tent was large and had a long counter running its full length which provided plenty of room for men coming in to pay duty. The officers and clerks were in full uniform and the office had a business-like look about it. There were several groups in little knots, discussing their matters of tax duty.

As Frank and I entered the office we glanced along the counter and saw a vacant space at the service section. We stepped in and laid down our papers, all with the O.K. marked on them, and wished the clerk who came to wait on us a very pleasant good morning. He smiled good naturedly, glanced at each paper, checked the total, and handed it to the collector. The collector took our money for duty (something like $78.00), stamped each paper "Paid," then wished us a pleasant journey; and we were on our way.

On our way out of the big tent we passed three fellows who evidently overlooked stopping at the little tent of the outside clerk to check up their purchase bills. Not wanting to be delayed they had insisted that the figuring of their duty tax be done in the collector's office. As they were arguing about it with the collector, one of the three got so put-out over it that he declared they would take the matter up with his government. The collector smiled as he turned away saying, "That's a very good idea." I heard afterward that this complaining man cooled off later and the duty bill was paid. However, I was much impressed by this most unnecessary complaint; but such things seem to creep in, right or wrong.

We hurried away with a "so-long" to our friend, the guard, and fairly sailed down the steep trail to Crater Lake with a full sled load. A big part of our load we cached on Crater Lake. We mushed on to set up a camp on Lake Linderman. Selecting a spot on its east shore, we dug a square hole in the snow for our 8 by 10-foot canvas tent which we set up. The sides of the tent reached from the snow top to the ground, so that only the tent's top appeared above the snow level, thus protecting it from the wind.

With our camp site all set up, the next morning we took a place in the long line of mushers pulling their empty sleds to Crater Lake, and loading and adjusting their steel creepers to get a foothold on the slippery snow; and dragging their belong-

ings back to their boat building camps beside some lake where there was plenty of good timber.

Frank and I mushed on across Crater Lake and up the steep sled trail to our cache on the summit of Chilkoot Pass and loaded our sleds with the balance of our supplies. We then started for the guard's tent to report, but he saw us coming, waved his hand to our merry good morning and called, "You boys are O.K. Don't stop. Go right on." And we scooted down that 600 feet to Crater Lake at a lively clip, where we cached our surplus belongings on the frozen snow-covered ice, put on our creepers, cut our loads to about 185 pounds and pulled it back to our new camp (24 miles for that day).

NOW OVER THE HUMP

Crater Lake on its north side is about a mile and a half wide and is the first of a chain of lakes which supply the great Yukon River. The Yukon is 3,200 miles in length running in a general northwest direction and finally emptying into the Bering Sea. In its long winding, the great gold fields of both Canada and Alaska are tapped.

I felt very much relieved to know that all of our goods were off the summit as the weather there was very uncertain. One day it would be shining and bright; and the next day snowing and blowing. There were tons upon tons of goods, some buried deeply two or three layers on other goods piled on the last layer of snow, but also on some other fellow's cache. Some of these goods were hardly taken out that summer.

Out of Crater Lake comes a narrow creek bottom between rock walls a hundred yards wide, falling back in gradual sloping mountainsides until Long Lake is reached some three miles farther down.

Long Lake is half or three quarters of a mile wide and some two miles long, divided by a narrow margin of land from Deep Lake half a mile across. Then comes the canyon similar to the cut dividing Crater and Long Lakes three miles long opening out onto Lake Linderman six miles long and one and a quarter wide, closely joined to Lake Bennett at the lower end. Lake Bennett is twenty-four miles long. The mountains on the east side are rather long, sloping ranges and seem to lead to the Chilkoot Pass like a big funnel where the light air rushes

to meet the warm heavy sea breeze. These conditions render the weather conditions at the Pass most uncertain. It may be snowing there, raining at Sheep Camp, clear on the summit, and so on.

The trail was uneven and bumpy except across the frozen lakes, which made the pulling of the sled rather a jerky proposition. All kinds of dogs helped drag along the sleds, some of them dreadfully abused by unkind owners. Even the oxen, after being used for hauling were then killed and used for beef when food for them ran out. (Hay was worth about twenty cents a pound.) While on the way to Bennett City, I saw a band of some fifteen or twenty Angora goats going past.

As often happened while pulling the sleds hard over a broken-up trail in one of the narrow canyons where passing was impossible, the whole long line was halted. The fellow just behind me was a husky big man tugging along with a twenty-inch sled, heavily packed. A very cold wind loaded with a drizzling rain was blowing against our backs, right down from Chilkoot Pass. (To provide against just such a situation, Smith and I always carried a raincoat strapped on top of our load.) As the swift-blown rain commenced I quickly grabbed up and put on my overcoat, then turning half around I listened to what the poor fellow behind me had to say. He was almost crying and seemed hurt by the tough pulling and tugging on his sled rope. Going back to him I asked if he was hurt, and he replied that he had been pulling so hard on his heavy sled load he seemed to have strained something inside. He asked, "Why don't we go on? Why do we have to stop here in this rain and freezing cold wind?" I explained that something had gone wrong for somebody in the narrow, rough canyon we were just entering—perhaps a sled runner or a broken gee-pole; that it was impossible for anybody to get by until the trouble was cleared up. All we could do was wait. I looked at his sled and called his attention to the fact that the tread of his sled was four inches wider than any other sled in the line, which kept one runner always in soft snow. All sleds built for use on that trail were only sixteen-inch tread. He looked sad for a time and remarked, "If it was as far up as it is down, I would give up right now." Just then the signal for the all clear came, and we were away for the next level haul across Deep Lake, one and seven-eighths miles long.

Monday, April 11, was our lay-off day. While clearing

all our goods from the Chilkoot Summit and that cached at Crater Lake, we worked a day and rested a day. We took our sleds and creepers, climbed back up to the top of Chilkoot Pass, cleared up all our belongings there and said goodbye to our friend, the guard, on the top. Then we came sliding down to Crater Lake, sorted all our supplies and each put a load of about 180 pounds on his sled. Caching the last of our outfit—some three loads, for future hauling, we made an easy pull back to our pretty little camp on Lake Linderman called "Wright Cove."

After our belongings were all moved past Wright Cove on the east shore of Lake Linderman and cached on the west side of the creek which connects the north end of Lake Linderman and the south end of Lake Bennett, we were ready to move our camp for boat building, to some suitable spot on Lake Bennett where good timber could be found. So we moved immediately and began sledding our goods across the ice bridge just before entering Bennett City.

A general thaw had set in and we were in a great hurry to get everything over the thinning ice bridge and on the Bennett City side before it went out. This we accomplished just in time, but in the rush of rapidly loading and unloading our sleds Frank picked up a very painful kink in his back, and the next morning could hardly walk.

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE ACTIVE

We now had all our supplies safely cached at Bennett City on the south end of Lake Bennett. But I would like to tell of an occurrence that happened before we left for Bennett City. When we were finally cleaning up the last of our goods stored at Crater Lake, we noticed a few men, one a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, talking near a cache which looked as if it had been opened by somebody besides its owner. Going over to join them, we were told that evidently the cache they were looking over had been opened up by some unknown party who made off with a sack of provisions.

The officer had been quietly making, in his memorandum book, notes of all information the owner could give him including the location of his camp, how his sacks were marked and what his missing sack contained when he was last at his cache, etc.

Then with a quiet little smile the officer remarked, "Thank you very much for your information. I think the thief has already been put in custody and will be tried in Bennett City today." It turned out that three or four other caches had been tampered with, but only one sack of different content was taken from each; and also that the same man had done the job.

Frank and I were afterwards in Bennett City, and alongside the trail, just before we entered town, we saw a hard-looking character sawing wood where everyybody passing could see him; and close by, guarding him, was an officer. We found out afterwards that the fellow had been arrested for stealing goods from caches at Crater Lake on five separate counts. He had been convicted and sentenced to five years penal servitude on only the first conviction, leaving the other four charges hanging over his head.

Camped near, while we were at Lake Linderman, were two or three men on their way in who had also been moving their cached goods down from Crater Lake. They had made one bad mistake in not having put smoked eyeglasses in with their outfit and had gotten their eyes "snow-blinded." This forced them to lay off a day or two with hot tea bandages on their eyes to take out the inflammation. One day I was passing their tent and one of them called out, "Come in and have a cup of ptarmigan stew." (This is a kind of grouse game bird.) The taste of that fresh meat was excellent. One of the boys had killed two the day before. (I had seen no game of any kind—only white and black snow birds, and not many of them.) While in Bennett City we saw a man down with spinal meningitis. He also looked pretty bad from overexertion caused by hard pulling on his sled rope.

With all our supplies and camp outfit cached at Bennett City, we were most anxious to get moving to some well-wooded cove down on the lake shore, especially so, as notices had already been posted that travel on the lake trail should now be carefully undertaken. The snow adjacent to the lake itself had commenced to melt and raise the lake's water level. We talked over the matter of my partner's back injury which was better, but had given him considerable pain. However, because a change in the weather (to cooler) was at hand, we decided to move only our tent and bedding, going slowly a couple of miles down lake, to pick a spot with timber suitable for boat building. We managed

to make some two or three miles down the lake and found a suitable place to camp on the left side, where we put up our tent and arranged a bed for Frank to rest on.

Next morning I was up early and, leaving my partner in camp to rest his back and take it easy, pulled my empty sled out to the lake trail, doing some hard thinking: "Two tons of outfit to move, and danger signs posted." Just then I heard a horse sled coming up behind me and I pulled out to let it pass. The driver pulled up alongside and stopped. I took a long look at him and almost yelled, "Is that you, Milo?" He was Milo Knox from down Hayward way in Alameda County, California, and I knew him well. "Awfully glad to see you, Alex, and I see you are going my way. Just tie your sled behind and get aboard."

We talked things over before we got to Bennett. On the way, Milo told me his story and I told him mine. He said he was working for Jim Stanley's crew which was building a steamer at Stanley Cove seven miles down Lake Bennett. He was just now hauling freight from the end of the White Pass road being built to Bennett City down to where the boat was being constructed. He said the freight was slow coming and his loads were very light, so "You just hook your sledload on behind and this old horse will pull all your outfit down to Stanley Cove. Here you will have lots of good friends and plenty of fine timber to build your boat." He said that in this way, by picking up all our belongings a little each trip, it would all be delivered at my old friend Jim Stanley's Cove in a day or two.

In our conversation Milo went on to say, "Jim Stanley is a great friend of yours, Alex. He was assessor of Alameda County at the same time you were tax collector there. Our party heard that you and Frank Smith were somewhere on the trail bound for Dawson City, and decided to keep a lookout for you. Jim has located a beautiful campsite on the east side of Lake Bennett where we fellows (almost all of us are from Jim's neighborhood) have gone in together for the purpose of building a steamer which will operate on the lakes. Jim informed me that if we ran across you fellows, we were to bring you both down to Stanley Cove and you wouldn't have to *whipsaw* any lumber, and there would be no charge." (I have said it before, and I'll say it again: *"God has certainly been good to us."*)

This certainly was a *lifesaver*, and when I told the whole story to my partner Frank, he said it made him feel almost well. Before Milo got to moving heavier loads from their White Pass camp to Stanley Cove, all our belongings had been delivered and safely cached at the Cove camp. Our luck was still holding good, for on the day Frank and I broke camp and started for our new location, the rising lake water had commenced lifting the ice and at times we had to wade in water over our ankles, which made a most serious situation. So we separated, Frank keeping quite a distance ahead and using the one empty hand sled to sit on and it times distributing his weight over a greater section of risky ice. Then when he had found a section that was still strong and safe, he would wait until I hurried over the shaky footing and caught up with him. By carefully progressing in this way with the hissing ice buzzing like a nest of rattlesnakes, scary as could be, we made it. We reached the east shore and safety, to the fine-timbered and wind-broken location of Stanley Cove, to be amongst friends.

We were offered, and at once accepted jobs, the remuneration for which was to be the sawing of the lumber for our boat. Frank, who was very much improved, said he would help the cook, while I was put to bucking logs which were sawed into boat-building timbers.

BUILDING A BOAT

There as a time-honored custom providing for securing of logs for use in boat building, which gave parties the right to mark a good tree to be sawed for boat building use only. This protected the builder and the custom was universally used. When we went to work in the timber, with the consent of the others, I was very careful to mark especially straight material. Although the snow still on the ground was two or three feet deep, there was plenty of fine tiimber standing to mark and "buck-out" for use. So I was very particular to obtain all the best for our boat that I could find and was especially lucky in obtaining a beautiful bow piece.

Before we left Bennett City, the office of the Mounted Police posted a notice which was an order that all boats starting for the Klondike must be *NUMBERED* and *REGISTERED* giving the number and names of the occupants and their destin-

ation. I was the first man in line and, stepping up to the officer's desk, was given a little metal tag reading, BOAT No. ONE. The officer was a very pleasant gentleman and, smiling at me, remarked, "I hope this brings you and your partner the best of luck." I thanked him and replied, "We will build a first-class boat and know how to run it."

Following it a comment made by J. A. C. MacDonald and George Patterson who stopped over at Stanley Cove to caulk their boat and make various preparations on their way in to Dawson City: "The Royal Canadian Mounted Police issued an order at Bennett City stating that all boats starting for the Klondike must be numbered and registered. Smith and Rosborough enjoyed the distinction of having their boat registered as *No. One.* At that time the registration had reached about 1,600 numbers and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police believe that not less than 10,000 in all will be registered before the season is over. The sloop pattern boat which these boys have built has been pronounced the strongest and prettiest model on the lake, and they are very proud of their craft."

The gathering of old friends in our camp at Stanley Cove was a happy one, being very friendly, and all work progressed rapidly. One day some of the crew left by Mr. Stanley up on the White Pass trail to handle the goods being transferred there to sleds for delivery at Stanley Cove, came into our camp and with them was a young man with his arm all bandaged up and suffering great pain. One of his friends brought the poor fellow into our tent and asked if I could do anything to relieve the great pain and suffering he was going through. (I had been a medical student at one time before I went into mining, and before leaving San Francisco this trip had added to my bag some medical tools and wrapping tape and other necessary items for any case that might arise.) The young fellow told how, in clearing brush, he had run the sharp point of a thorn up under the fingernail of his right hand. He thought that he had removed it all, but evidently the extreme tip of the briar was overlooked and still remained to irritate the wound. I found the little tormentor, took it out with my tweezers, dropped in a couple of drops of saturated solution of boric acid, and cured him—all of which put me in pretty good standing.

One early morning a young fellow walked across the lake on what was then safe ice to the west side, opposite our camp,

to get a look at the timber on the other side. It turned out to be a warm day and, as a great amount ofsunshine came out melting the snow, especially near the shore, the lake level began to rise boosting the ice on top. Great cracks in the ice went streaming here and there making a loud report like rumbling thunder. It was about time for dinner and the sawmill had shut down to allow all hands to wash up. The workers were gathering here and there talking over the rather dangerous situation that had developed on the lake when all of a sudden one of the men called out, "Look out on the lake; there is that fellow who went to spot timber on the other side, and he is out on the cracking ice trying to get back to camp." Immediately everybody became a spectator to a most exciting and dangerous run for life as the thoroughly frightened man maneuvered here and there over the cracking ice field, seeking a spot where the ice would hold up strong enough to carry his weight. Everybody's mind seemed to carry the thought, "How can we save him?" He suddenly disappeared behind some trees on the lake shore around a bend and finding solid ice, was able to reach shore on our side and save his own life, but he was nearly all-in from fright. Just below us on Lake Bennett during its "break-up," two sled drivers, their loaded sleds and all their dogs went through the breaking-up ice and all were reported *lost.*

By the time Jim Stanley's men, who had been at the White Pass terminal during the time the machinery for his steamer was arriving, had come down to Stanley Cove, a very considerable amount of boat building logs had been cut and dragged in for milling. As all the logs for our boat were now in piled lumber and, even more important, my partner was again well and strong, we commenced our building of *Boat No. One.* We worked at it hard and long, and everybody in camp watched it grow and saw it finished.

MUSH ON, MUSH ON

"Mush On—Mush On!" This was the cry of the trail. And the dog drivers' shout of "move along! hurry up!" morning, noon and night was always to be heard over the great snow fields (and I'm afraid my morning meal when I returned to the city was flavored with thoughts of "Mush"). But later the cry was seldom heard as the line of moving, ever moving sleds ceased, and each of the eager Klondikers cached his goods and

set his tent there where the timbered slopes to the lake afforded him facilities for building his boat.

As mentioned above, Lake Bennett is some twenty-four miles long and from three quarters of a mile to a mile wide. Its sides were steep, the western shoreline being generally straight, and the eastern broken and making many curves where the timber, balsam, spruce and pine (the latter presenting very poor samples), protected from storm and snowslides, invited the prospective boat builder. As a result the eastern shores of both Lakes Linderman and Bennett had one continuous colony of Yukoners, busy as ants, the swish of whose whipsaws, reinforced here and there by the hum of sawmills and the klink of hammers, would make a shipyard blush with envy.

Stanley Cove is seven miles below the town of Bennett City which is situated at the head of the lake; and I guess there were camped about us some two hundred people on this pretty campground.

As I looked out of our tent across the lake, frozen and still, there rose from its other side (the western) a steep mountainside 3,000 feet or more which had been recently covered o'er with snow. The snow, now fast melting, was supplanted by numerous varieties of green vines and mosses which seemed to rejoice in showing how fast they could grow when once free from winter's snowbanks. Back of us was a green forest, mostly of balsam. The trees were not large but straight. This extended for a half mile, then the timber gave place to a steep mountainside which seemed to reach higher into the sky than its neighbor across the lake. Then way off to the north through the "V" formed by the eastern and western mountain shores were other ranges peeping over one another. It was not dark till ten o'clock and the twilights were beautiful, especially as the setting sun kissed the snowy mountain cliffs good night.

The town of Bennett was a thriving busy little place. Its location at the head of the lake, and its being the junction of the Skagway and Dyea trails made it an important center of this route to the Yukon and the principal head of navigation. Several log buildings formed the nucleus of the town. There was by then an established post office and military station there. (As before noted, from Dyea, by way of Chilkoot Pass, to Bennett was about 33 miles; from Skagway to Bennett was about 45.)

The Skagway, or White Pass trail would some day be a wagon road. However, at that time it was far from being completed, though before the thaw commenced horses could be used clear through to Bennett to draw sleds. Horses, while the snow lasted, could be used on the Dyea route only as far as the Scales, sixteen miles from Dyea; then all goods had to be transferred over the summit by packers (on their backs), or by one of the three tramway companies, when horses could again be used from Crater Lake into Bennett.

BOAT No. ONE COMPLETED

Now all wore pleasant faces. The body racking of dragging an outfit by hand sled had stopped, our boat was completed, and the worse was over. The water of the great Yukon did the rest. But even that far on the way to the gold fields, some men short on provisions, some sick in body, some sick for home, some discouraged, sold out and turned back.

Although the lake was now showing water in places and comparatively little freight was being moved, it was astonishing to see how much weight in supplies could be moved with the use of a sail; from eight hundred to fifteen hundred pounds (generally two or three sleds were tied one behind the other, and to the first the sail was attached).

The weather there at Stanley Cove was beautiful. I went about without a coat. Spring had come and the lake was liable to break up at any time between now and June. Then, in our boats, it was less than twelve days' run down the river to Dawson.

Our time set for completing *Number One* had been fixed for June 5, 1898, and on that day we had her finished and loaded, and ready to launch. The flat, white and now-silent ice surface had put away the noise of break-up and taken off its white winter coat, leaving all to drift into the Yukon River, and put on its summer dress of clear cool water. The snow had slid and melted from the steep mountainsides, supplanted by a tangled green growth of underbrush, moss, grass and flowers. Birds sang, insect life was astir on every hand, and the beautiful boat (skiff model, twenty-two feet, five inches long over all; beam seventy inches above and forty-two on the bottom) was ready and waiting.

For several days we had watched, while at work, hundreds of water craft, sailing or hand propelled, passing on to the gold fields (one, an amazing flat-looking barge with a paddle wheel on either side operated like a bicycle). So it was with feelings of relief that we cast off after bidding our good friends goodbye, and joined the sailing fleet. With the wind dead astern, the run to the end of Lake Bennett seemed to have been accomplished in a very short time, but one thing had been very clearly demonstrated: *Number One* could outspeed any sailing boat it tied in with.

The lake terminated in a stream some three miles long and two or three hundred yards wide which connected Bennett and Tagish Lakes. This stream being shallow, was selected as a fording place by the herds of caribou, in their migration north or south, and was called Caribou Crossing. Here we saw two small steamers being built. The mountain shores of upper Lake Bennett had fallen back and as we passed through Caribou Crossing to the left was a low flat land, rich in grass, typical California meadow; and I looked in vain for the herd of cattle that it seemed to invite. On the left was a thickly wooded, gentle sloping hillside, crowned by a pleateau which on the farther side was fenced by high mountains.

The balsam had disappeared, and spruce and cottonwood had replaced it. Here we heard the chorus of a new song by our future friends and companions, the mosquitoes. These singers never stopped for breath except when the bloody suckers lay off to eat. I will give the song as I remember it.

There may be others like me
In New Jersey or New Orleans,
But there's none that can outbite me,
I care not for shirt or jeans;
You will find me ever present,
Ever whispering in your ear.
My kind friend, I'll stay near you
Ever near you, ever near.

Soon after entering Tagish Lake we came to a Royal Canadian Mounted Police post, where we found several boats waiting for inspection. So we made fast, at the foot of a trail leading up the bank to the barracks, and I went ashore to find an officer to inspect our boat. I soon found one just as he had completed an examination on another boat.

I told him that our boat, *Number One,* was waiting at the little wharf. He was very friendly and said, "Certainly, my friend, let's go right down there." I thanked him and we started to walk along the shore, our boat being some forty yards away. Suddenly a man who was standing out in front of his anchored boat stopped the officer saying, "Would you please examine my boat? I have my wife aboard and have been waiting a long time." Turning to me the officer said, "It's your turn, my boy, but if you don't mind, as this gentleman's wife is waiting, I'll first look his boat over, and then go to yours." I looked at him and smilingly said, "That's all right with me; it's ladies first, you know." The officer called the fellow over and requested that he carry him on his back to his boat anchored a few feet off shore, as he had no rubber boots. I was very much interested in a steel rod with a very sharp point which the inspector carried with him. When he was put aboard it was used to pentrate the boat's load through to the boat's bottom, and then measure the distance on the boat's outside (looking for contraband cargo). The boat load was found to be O.K. but I was wondering if the inspector intended to give our load the same treatmnt, as all of our supplies were double-sacked, the outside sack being waterproof.

But when we came to our boat, the officer stopped, took a good look at *Number One* and called out to the post headquarters: "Oh, Harry, come out here! Here is *Boat No. One.*" Harry hurried down and our boat got a wonderful looking over. They seemed very much interested in the proud little craft, asking all kinds of questions as to where she was built, who built her, etc. When we told them it was all our work, they said, "It's a very well-done job, strong and we'd say fast." (We told them that no boat, so far, could outsail her.) The inspecting officed asked, "Have you any liquor aboard?" Both Frank and I answered, "No Sir," together, and I added, "except the alcohol for that cooking lamp." He replied, "That doesn't count; it is only cooking fluid. Pass *Number One.*" There was no "spearing" our load. We thanked them for their kindness, pushed off and sailed away.

After leaving Lake Tagish and passing through about six miles of river, our boat trip took us to the head of Marsh Lake which was narrow and nineteen miles in length. As seems to be the case with nearly all these long bodies of running water when the shores set back to make room for other rivers coming

to add more volume to the ever-growing Yukon, strong sweeps of hard-blown wind sweep up, down or across. This adds sometimes to a most dangerous situation if the sourdough, his boat, and everything in it gets caught off guard.

We were making good time and by June 13, were approaching what has always been considered a very dangerous stretch on the Yukon River—Miles Canyon, White Horse Rapids and other swift running shallow water in the neighborhood of Lake Laberge.

Miles Canyon (looking down into it) gives the impression of a great crack in the rock formation where at the bottom, hundreds of feet below, that whirling, boiling riiver goes tearing through for three-quarters of a mile and, released from its boxed canyon, turns at nearly a right angle to be battered into whitecaps in following two miles of White Horse Canyon. I saw one fellow coming through in a rowboat who had lost both his oars and was clinging with a hand on either side of the boat, which was half filled with water. He was saved and picked up below. That same day the body of another man from some other outfit was pulled out below the White Horse, who had made it not.

SHOOTING MILES AND WHITE HORSE

Frank made a deal with a man familiar with the dangers of both Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids to take our outfit along with his empty sheep barge when shooting these dangerous waters. So he lightened our boat load by transferring part of it onto the empty barge, and with his crew of rapids shooters, (Frank went with them) *Number One* taking the lead, all made a magnificent and dry run of it, landiing safe and sound in the quiet water at the lower end. After replacing in our little craft the part of our load carried by the sheep barge, we continued on down the river and into Lake Laberge where, some five miles down, we made camp at five o'clock in the morning. We cooked our dinner as we drifted, the current having been moderate all the way. The next day we rowed about fifteen miles down Lake Laberge and camped on the east side of the island.

We had nearly finished supper when a sudden squall came up, and for about fifteen minutes the wind and waves

raised havoc, especially on the west side of the lake where many boats were swamped and outfits damaged by getting soaked. Had we been on that side where it was more exposed, we would have been in danger of a wetting, at least; but with our usual good luck, we escaped without any damage whatsoever. We made our bed on top of our four sleds laid side by side, and with our mosquito nets over our heads, slept very soundly all night. The next day was a repetition of the day before only that the morning hours were modified by trolling for fish as we rowed. We caught one two-pound trout and had it for lunch. We had been offered $1.00 for it but preferred the fish; but after we had eaten it, we felt sorry we had not "grabbed the mon."

We did not see any snow on the high peaks after we left Tagish Lake, and did not put up our tent to sleep in after we left Lake Bennett. Late in the afternoon a favorable wind came along, and we all made for down the lake and into Thirtymile River which was swift. It and its dangers came upon us suddenly, our having never heard that extreme caution was necessary. We were congratulating ourselves on what fine time we were making when down a swift stretch we shot and, turning a sharp curve, we saw two dangerous rocks ahead. The set of the river as drawing us and our boat right down upon them—almost near enough to reach out and touch them. We missed, however, but it was an awful close call; and for the next mile or so we saw wrecked scows, barges and boats mostly lost and ruined, and one small steamer sunk from a hole in her hull.

It was very sad to see those poor fellows drying their remaining small recovered outfits and trying to repair badly damaged boats, etc., after bringing them so far and working so hard.

We camped at about four o'clock that afternoon about five miles above the mouth of the Hootalinqua River, having run across some friends we had met while building our boat at Stanley Cove. We were indeed glad to find some friends we knew before and we all camped together. One of their party was from Oakland and was quite a fisherman. He wanted to try his luck so we loaned him a line and he caught two trout which we helped to eat for breakfast (in return for the use of our line).

Early next morning we unloaded our boat and took off the keel which was of service only on the lakes when we were sailing. It rained from early afternoon until quite late at night

without damage to us or our supplies. The next day when we came to the Hootalinqua River post, we saw an officer standing on the bank some fifteen feet above the river talking to another sourdough, and we immediately turned for shore to report; but as he turned around and spotted that *No. One* on the bow, he raised his arm and remarked, "Well, there is *boat Number One*—a pretty craft. Go right on for you are O.K." We whirled back into the current and went our way. We also reported at the post, where the Big Salmon comes into the main river, adding its might to the fast growing big Yukon.

These mountain lakes are beautiful and grand and every growing thing seemed to be putting forth a fast gait in order to add its share to the spring in this far away northland. Now and then we stopped to gather wild flowers—all the California varieties from lupines to violets, including even the small sunflower. Even the black clouds of mosquitoes must not be overlooked for they kept us on the smudge. The silent rock cliffs sent back greetings in answer to our songs.

It was now quite evident that the advice given us when we constructed our boat: "Be sure to equip your boat with a false keel," was based on experience, for the river's water was running faster, having been augmented by an abundance of additional water brought in by numerous other rivers and creeks. In places the river had broadened out and there were many twists, turns, letter "S" curves and angles which kept us guessing as to which branch contained the most water for boat handling. At other times the noise and roaring of rock-lined rapids warned us of a swift passage through some very dangerous chutes such as "Five Finger Rapids" and "Rink Rapids," where a cool head and careful steering oar meant safety at its best. (While our skill in perfected handling of *Number One* was the best, nevertheless that advice, "Be sure to equip your boat with a false keel" saved us from many a *rock-scrape.*)

On June 20, 1898, we reached Fort Selkirk where the Pelly River adds its flow to the hungry, growing Yukon, having safely navigated Miles Canyon, White Horse, Five Finger and Rink Rapids and other swift running and dangerous water.

As we approached the Fort Selkirk station, where the Yukon is very wide, we noticed the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Flag flying way across the river from where we were

drifting along. We immediately turned the boat and started for the post. When we were some 200 yards away from shore, we saw the officer sitting on the river bank looking us over with a field glass. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, cupped his hands and called out to us, "*Number One,* O.K.," and pointing down river continued, "Go right on, and good luck to you." We both stood up in the boat, doffed our hats and yelled out "thank you," and again pointed our way down stream, arriving at Fort Selkirk about 12:30 p.m.

Gradually the great Yukon was growing in volume and getting wider. We passed many small creeks, besides the Stewart River, emptying on the right side above the Stewart River, and White River joining from the left side at the Upper Ramports in the Yukon's big turn before reaching the mouth of the Stewart. The next large creek, dumping on the left side before reaching Dawson City, is Sixtymile Creek, and a short distance below it, on the right bank, Indian Creek joins.

The last long river to mix with the Yukon comes in on its right side, and is the one that every sourdough was looking for: *the KLONDIKE.* We had heard about it; we had read about it; we had dreamed about it and risked our lives to gain it; for its creeks during the years had washed down great deposits of *GOLD,* which opened the eyes of the world. Its Bonanza and Eldorado and other great gold producing branches poured out their millions; and thousands came—and so had we.

There on the gentle slope made by the meeting waters of the great Yukon and gold-sourced Klondike Rivers, sat the day and night city of *Dawson,* where some people were eating breakfast while others dined.

We went ashore, but that was some distance away; there were so many curious looking craft hitched side by side and extending four or five out into the river, that we had to make fast to a boat at the outside of the string, and then climb over all the other boats to reach land.

Somebody has made the remark that "first impressions are lasting" and, while this may not always be the case, it applies to Dawson City. Experience is a great teacher and when opportunity offers the chance to establish the fact, Dawson is certainly a well-regulated city because its ability to accomplish the fact is in the hands of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

OUR LAST REPORT

We had arrived and we went at once to report. We entered the headquarters office and handed our clearance papers, received atop the Chilkoot Pass, with a smiling good morning to the clerk at the counter. He opened the package and started to look them over. Then suddenly startled, he called out to the collector. "Here she is—*Boat Number One.*" All others in the office looked up from their work and the collector, coming over to us, asked, "Where is your boat?" I replied, "She is out in front about five boats away which is as near as we could get." This led to a good laugh, and everybody wanted to see our boat.

We enjoyed a very pleasant visit with the gentlemen at this office and explained to them that after a stay of a day or two in Dawson City, we would like to make a trip into the Klondike mining region and visit Eldorado, Bonanza and other creeks in that section—with their approval, which they kindly gave.

OFF FOR THE KLONDIKE

After gathering in all the information we could obtain as to those sections of the Klondike where most of the new locations of mining claims were being made, and all other general information as to the trails and other traveling conditions, we secured a place where we could store the heavy part of *No. One's* big load. We stepped into our lightened craft and rowed away up the Klondike River into which the numerous tributaries in the KLONDIKE SECTION drain.

The Klondike River which meets the great Yukon at Dawson City comes in from the east, having its beginning 150 to 200 miles away. One of its coming branches is named "Too Much Gold Creek." However, Bonanza Creek, some 30 to 36 miles in length, heads within a mile or two of Hunker Creek which is a tributary of Gold Bottom Creek. Gold Bottom Creek flows westerly to join Klondike River, leaving Bonanza Creek to pick up all the water supplied by some ten creeks in the drainage district south of Klondike River, which is turned over to Klondike River just before it enters the great Yukon at Dawson City. All this section east of Dawson City is the KLONDIKE.

Here, over much of this water-soaked terrain we waded on water-soaked moss, accompanied by a numberless mob of vicious mosquitoes. We were closely hemmed in on a narrow, seldom used trail by little stiff tree branches which kept stabbing holes in our face nets.

We took our time investigating the operation of the "High Channel" and "Sinking to Bedrock" by wood fire shafts, which was quite different from the conditions controlling mining in California.

Shortly after returning from this trip I found myself with a case of scurvy coming on. Frank and I talked the situation over, and concluded it would be best for me to break camp and take the first steamer down the river, while he secured a good job with one of the river steamer companies. I turned our outfit over to him and left on the first steamer, coming out with Mr. Errickson who had just cleaned up at his mine on Eldorado Creek, bringing out $82,000 packed in wooden boxes.

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